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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

The ice-crown of Winter has melted away,
The sunbeams are out in their golden array,
The snow on the path of the waters so free
Has glided in foam to the caves of the sea.

A breeze is abroad with a whisper as sweet,
As a voice from the south that would gladden and greet
And bring from the gardens of sunlight and flowers
A breath of that elixir as a token to ours.

And soon will the leaves of the forest appear,
And the green branches wave in the bright atmosphere
And far distant mountains, that limit the eye,
In blue mantles gleam through the haze of the sky.

Then, like a fresh picture, the meadows around
Will start into bloom, and the rivulet's sound
Come forth from the herbage that tangles its brim—
The olden, unceasing, melodious hymn.

The buds of the morn will be crystallized in dew,
But spread their sweet bosoms at noon to the view;
The white clouds will garish, not darken the day,
And sunshine to starlight fade gently away.

The Spirits of Beauty, whose footprints we see
In roses and lilies impressed on the lea,
Will linger around us, and kindly impart
The youth and the gladness of Spring to the heart.

SCRAPS.

WOMEN.—Female loveliness cannot be clothed in a more pleasing garb than that of knowledge. A female thus arrayed, is one of the most interesting objects in creation. Every eye rests upon her person, the learned and the wise, the young and the aged, of the opposite sex, delight in her society, and ascribe to her character respect and veneration. Ignorance and folly stand reproved in her presence, and vice, in his bold career, shrinks abashed at her gaze. She moves the joy, the delight of the domestic circle; she excites the praise, the admiration of the world. A female thus armed, thus equipped, is prepared to encounter every trial which this uncertain state may bring; to raise with proper exaltation to the pinnacle of fortune, or sink with becoming fortitude into the abyss of poverty; to attain, with a cheerful serenity, the highest of bliss, or endure, with patient firmness, the depths of woe.

Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our minds. But their influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted them. Whether they are our idols or companions, our equals, slaves, beasts of burden, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligences with their dignity, as we connect happiness with their virtue.

Thus, therefore, is a law of eternal justice; man cannot degrade women, without himself falling in the degradation; he cannot raise them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe these two great divisions of the human race, the east and the west. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; women there are slaves. The other half advances towards freedom and light; the women here are loved and honored.—Women then, as well as all others, should be interested in the progress of popular and refined education, and civil and religious liberty.

Preaching.

Nothing speech any loud applause gain
From shallow hearers, and make preachers vain;
A feather this to tickle itching ears;
But 'tis warm truth must melt a soul to tears;
'Tis this, when aided by th' Almighty arm,
Will wonders work, and miracles perform.

We have seen fools hoard money for the use of knives, and some industrious people labor all their lives, not that themselves might live, but that the idle might have nothing to do other than to receive their wages.

Simplicity of taste is to happiness, what simplicity of heart is to virtue. They favor each other, and both derive wealth from economy.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other single sentence in the English language.

Where does Camphor come from? It is distilled from the roots and branches of a species of *Laurus*. There are also trees in which camphor is found concealed in the clefts of the bark. *Laurus* is the generic name of a species of trees from which cinnamon and cassia are also obtained.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A TRADITION OF THE TWO WORLDS. A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Meanwhile, Michael rushed forward, and flung his arms about the old man's neck.

"Father, I am come home! Home for good—home for life! You know, some fourteen years ago, I left this place a boy, I came back a man—a Soldier! A year ago, I left you for my last campaign—it is over—we've beat the Injuns—and now I'm going to live and die by your side! The old man looked up, and met the joyous glance of those large grey eyes, surveyed the high, straight forehead, and the muscular form, and then silently gathered the hands of his boy within his own.

"God bless you, Michael!" he said, in a clear deep voice, yet with a strong German accent.

"But what's the matter, father? You don't seem well—ain't you glad to see me? Look here—I've brought this old sword home as a present for you. Not very handsome, you'll say, but each of those dents has a story of its own to tell. You see that deep notch? That was made by the cap of a Britisher at Paulus Hook, and this—but God bless me! Father, you are sick—you—"

The old man turned his eyes away, and pressed with a silent intensity the hands of his son.

"Sit down, Michael, I want to talk with you. Michael slid into a huge oaken arm chair; it was placed before the hearth, and opposite a dark paneled door, which opened into the next chamber—the chamber of Alice.

The old man was silent. His head had sunk on his breast; his hands relaxed their grasp. Michael gazed upon him with a vague look of surprise, and then his eyes wandered to the dark-paneled door.

"She is asleep, father?—Shall I go to the door, and call her, or will you? Ah, the good girl will be so glad to see me!"

Still the old man made no answer.

"Ah! I see how it is—he's not well—glad to see me, to be sure, but old age creeps on him. This murmuring, Michael sprang to his feet, seized the light, and advanced to the dark-paneled door. "You see, father, I'll go myself. It will be such a surprise to her! I'll steal softly to her door, and call over her shoulder."

The first news she will have of my return, will be my kiss upon her lips!"

He placed his fingers on the latch.

The old man raised his head, beheld him, and started to his feet. With trembling steps, he reached the side of his son.

"My son," he cried, invoking the awful name of God, "do not enter that room!"

You can see Michael start, his chivalrous face expanding with surprise, while the light in his hand falls over the wrinkled features of his father. Those features wear an expression so utterly sad, woe-begone, horror-stricken, that Michael recoils as though a death-bullet had pierced his heart. His hand, as if palsied, shrinks from the latch of the door.

For a moment, there is a pause like death. You can hear the crackling of the slight fire on the hearth—the hard breathing of the old man—but all beside is terribly still.

"Father, what mean you? I tell you, I can face the blindest charge of bayonets that ever mowed a battle-field of its living men, but this—I know not what to call it—this silence, this mystery,—it chills, yes, it frightens me!"

Still the old man breathed in hollow tones, marked with a deep guttural accent, the name of God, and whispered—

"My son, do not enter that room!"

But it is the room of Alice. She is to be my wife to-morrow—no! she is my wife, plighted and sworn, at this hour! It is the room of Alice.

The voice sunk to a whisper, at once deep and pathetic, as he spoke the last words.

"Come, Michael, sit by me; when I have a little more strength, I will tell you all."

The old man motioned with his right hand toward a seat, but Michael stood beside the dark-paneled door, his sun-burnt face grown suddenly pale as a shroud.

At last, with measured footsteps, he approached the door, grasped the latch, and pushed it open. The light was in his hand. Her room lay open to his gaze, the chamber of Alice, yet he was afraid to look.

Do you see him standing on the threshold, the light extended in one hand, while the other supports his bowed head, and veils his eyes?

"Father," he groaned, "her room is before me, but I cannot look—I stand upon the threshold, but dare not cross it. Speak—and he turned wildly toward the old man—"Speak? I implore ye—tell me the worst!"

The old man stood in the shadows, his hands clasped, his eyes wild and ghastly in their vacant stare, fixed upon the face of the son. No word passed his lips; the horror painted on his countenance seemed too horrible for words.

Michael raised his eyes and looked.

It was there—the same as in the olden time—that chamber in which his mother had once slept—now the chamber of Alice.

Behold a small room, with the clean oaken floor, covered by a homespun carpet; two or three high-backed chairs, placed against the white-washed walls; a solitary window with a deep frame and snowy curtain.

Holding the light above his head, Michael advanced. In the corner, opposite the door, stood a bed, encircled by hangings of plain white—those hangings carefully closed, descending in easy folds to the floor.

The fearful truth all at once rushed upon the soldier's soul. She was dead. Her body, enveloped in the shroud, lay within those hangings; he could see the white hands, frozen into the semblance of marble, folded stiffly over her pulseless bosom. He could see her face,—so pale yet so beautiful, even in death,—and the closed eyelids, the lashes darkening softly over the cheek, the hair, so glossy in its raven blackness, descending gently along the neck, even to the virgin breast.

The curtains of the bed were closed, but he could see it all!

Afraid to look, and by a look confirm his fancy, he turned aside from the bed, and gazed toward the window. Here his heart was wronged by another sight. A plain, old-fashioned bureau covered with a white cloth, and surmounted by a small mirror, oval in form, and framed in dark walnut.

That mirror had reflected her face, only a day past! Beside lay the Bible and Book of Prayer, each bearing on their covers the name of Alice—sacred memorials of the Dead Girl.

This man, Michael was no pining courtier. A rude heart, an unlettered soul was his. He embraced the hand that grasped the hand of death a thousand times. Yet that rude heart was softened by one deep feeling—that unlettered soul, which had read its lessons of genius in the Book of Battle, written by an avalanche of swords and bayonets, on the dark cloud of the battle-field—bowed down and worshiped one emotion. His love for Alice! Next to his belief in an all-potent God, he treasured it. Therefore, when he beheld these memorials of the Dead Girl, he felt his heart contract, expand, wither, within him. His own limbs trembled, he tottered, he fell forward on his knees, his face resting among the curtains of the bed.

He dashed the curtains aside—holding the light in his quivering hand, he gazed upon the secret of the bed—the dead body of Alice? No!

The white pillow, unruined by the pressure of a finger—the white coverlet, smooth as a bank of drifted snow, lay before him.

Alice was not there.

"Father!" he groaned, staring to his feet, and grasping the old man, by both hands—"She is dead; I know it! Where have you buried her?"

The father turned his eyes from the face of his son, but made no answer.

"At least, give me some token to remember her—give me some relic of her—give me some relic of her!"

Then it was that the old man turned, and with a look that never forgot, the soul of his son until his death hour, grasped four brief words:

"Not dead, but—lost!" he said, and turned his face away.

Michael heard the voice, saw the expression of his father's face, and felt the reality of his desolation without another word. He could not speak; there was a choking sensation in his throat, a coldness, like death, about his heart.

In a moment the old man turned again, and in his native German poured forth the story of Alice—her broken vows, and flight, and shame!

"Only this day she fled, and with a stranger! The son never asked question more of his father.

One silent grasp of the old man's hand and he strode with measured steps from the room, from the house. Not once did he look back.

He stood upon the porch—the light of the moon falling upon his face, with every lineament tightened like a cord of iron—the eyes, cold and glassy—the lips, clenched and white.

"Here," said he to the old negro, who beheld his changed countenance with horror—"Here is all the gold I have in the world. I earned it by my sword! Take it I will never touch a coin that comes from this accursed soil!"

He passed on, spoke to Old Legion, leaped into the saddle, and was gone! The negro heard a wild laugh borne shrilly along the breeze. The old man who, with his white hairs waving in the moonbeams, came out and stood upon the porch, looked far down the lane, and beheld the white horse and his rider. The moon shone from among the rolling clouds with a light almost like day; the old man beheld every outline of that manly form—saw his cap of fur and steel, and waving cloak, and iron sword in its iron sheath.

Yet never once did he behold the face of his son turned back toward his childhood's home.

On and on! Never mind the fence, with its high rail and pointed stakes. Clear it at a bound, Old Legion! On and on! Never mind the road; the wood is dark, the branches intermingled above our heads, but we will dash through the darkness, Old Legion. On, on, on! Never heed the brook, that brows before us; it is a tetrable leap, from the rock which rises here, to the rock which darkens yonder, but we must leap it or die, Old Legion! So my brave old boy! Through the wood again; along this hollow, up the hillside, over the marsh. Now the thunder rolls, and the lightning flashes out!—*Lurrah!* Many a battle we have fought together, but this is the bravest and the last!

—And at last, the blood and sweat, mingling on his white flanks, the gallant old horse stood on the Rock of the Cheesepack, trembling in every limb.

Michael looked far along the waters, while the storm came crashing down again, and, by the lightning glare, beheld, a white sail, raking masts, and a dark hull, careering over the waters. Now, like a mighty bird, diving into the hollows of the watery hills, and she was lost to view. And now, still like a mighty bird, upreaching her wings, she rose again, borne by the swell of a tremendous wave as if to the very clouds.

A very beautiful sight it was to see, even by

the light of that lurid flash—this thing, with the long, dark hull, the raking masts and the white sail!

She came bounding over the bay; the wind and waves borne her towards the rock.

In a moment the resolution of Michael was taken. One glance toward the white sail, one upon the darkened sky, and then he quietly drew his pistol.

"Come, Old Legion,"—he said, laying his hand upon the main of the horse—"You are the only friend I ever trusted, who did not betray me!"

The first word he had spoken since the old man whispered "Lost," in his ears.

"Come, Old Legion, your master is about to leave his native soil forever! He cannot take you with him. Yonder's the sail that must bear him away from this accursed spot forever. He cannot take you with him, Old Legion, but he will do a kind deed for you. No one, but Michael, ever crossed your back, nor shall you ever bear another! Your master is about to kill you, Old Legion!"

Nearer drew the white sail—nearer and nearer!—The sailors on the deck beheld that strange sight, standing out from the background of the dark clouds—the rock, the white horse and the dismounted soldier, with the pistol in his hand.

They saw the white horse lay his head against his master's breast, they heard his long and piercing neigh, as though the old steed felt the battle tramp stir his blood once more.

They heard the report of a pistol; saw a human form spring wildly into the waves; while the white horse, dropping on his fore-legs, with the blood streaming from his breast, upon the rock, raised his dying head aloft, and uttered once more that long and piercing howl.

They saw a head rising above the waves—then all was dark night again. There was hurrying to and fro upon the vessel's deck; a rope was thrown; voices, hoarse with shouting, mingled with the thunder-peat, and at last, as if by a miracle, the drowning man was saved.

"What would you here?" exclaimed a tall dark bearded man, whose form was clad in a strangely mingled costume of sailor and bandit—"What would you here?"

As he spoke, he confronted the form Michael dripping from head to foot with spray. The lightning illuminated both forms, and showed the sailors, who looked on, two men, worthy to command you as a friend or foe? The hand of the dark-bearded man sought his dirk as he spoke.

The lightning glare showed Michael's face; its every lineament coloured in crimson light.—There was no quailing in his bold, grey eye, no fear upon his broad, straight forehead.

Even amid the storm, an involuntary murmur of admiration escaped the sailors.

"As a friend,"—his voice, deep and hollow, was heard above the war of the storm. "Only bear me from yonder accursed shore!"

"But sometimes, when out upon the sea, we hoist the Black Flag, with a Skull and Crossbones prettily painted on its folds. What say you now? Friend or Foe? Comrade or Spy?"

"I care not how dark your flag, nor how bloody the murder, which ye do, upon the sea—all I ask is this: Bear me from yonder shore, and I am your friend to the death!"

And swelling with a sense of his unutterable wrongs, this bravest of the brave, even Michael of Lee's gallant Legion, extended his hand, and grasped the blood-stained fingers of the Pirate Chief.

Then, the wild hurrah of the pirate-band mingled with the roar of the thunder, and—as the vessel went quivering over the waters—the red glare of the lightning revealed the dark-bearded face of the Pirate Chief, the writhing countenance of the doomed soldier.

Their hands were clasped. It was a Covenant of Blood.

That night, while the Pirate-Ship went bounding over the bay, Michael flung himself upon the deck, near the door of the Captain's cabin, and slept. As he slept a dream came over his soul.

Not a dream of the girl who had pressed her kiss upon his lip and then betrayed him, nor a vision of Lost Alice. No! Nor of the grey-haired father, who stood on the porch, gazing after the form of his son, with his white hair floating in the moonbeams.

Nor even of that gallant horse, that white-maned old Legion, the only friend, he had trusted that never betrayed him? No!

But of a battle! Not only of one battle, but a succession of battles, that seemed to whirl their awful storm of cannon and bayonet and sword, not merely over one country, but over a world.

The heaps of dead men that Michael saw in his sleep, made the blood curdle in his veins. It seemed as though the People of a World had died, and lay rotting unburied in the gorges of mountains, on the gentle slopes of far-extending plains; in the streets of cities, too, they lay packed in horrible compactness, side by side, like pebbles on the shore.

Many strange thing Michael saw in this, his strange dream; but amid all, he beheld one face, whose broad, expansive brow, and deep, burning eyes, seemed to woo his soul. That face was everywhere. Sometimes amid the grey clouds of battle, smiling calmly, while ten thousand living men were mowed away by one battle blast.

Sometimes by the glare of burning cities, this face was seen: its calm sublimity of expression,—that beautiful forehead, in which a soul, greater than earth, seemed to make its home, those dark eyes which gleamed a supernatural fire,—all shown in terrible contrast, with the confusion and havoc that encircled it.

A very beautiful sight it was to see, even by

That face was everywhere. And it seemed to Michael as he slept, that it came very near him, and as these scenes passed rapidly before his eyes, that the face whispered three words.

These words Michael never forgot; strange words they were, and those are the scenes which accompanied them.

The first word:—A strange city where domes and towers were ivested with a splendour at once Barbaric and Oriental, with flames whirling about these domes and towers, while the legions of an invading Host shrank back from the burning town by tens of thousands, into graves of ice and snow. The face was there looking upon the mass of fire—the soldiers dying in piles, with a horrible resignation.

The second word:—He saw—but it would require the eloquence of some Fiend who delights to picture Murder, and laugh while he fills his horrible canvass with the records of infernal deeds,—yes, it calls for the eloquence of a fiend to delineate this scene. We cannot do it. We can only say that Michael saw some peaceful hills and valleys crowded as if by millions of men.—There was no counting the instruments of murder which were gathered there: cannon, bayonets, swords, horses, men, all mingled together, and all doing their destined work—Murder. To Michael it seemed as if these cannons, swords, bayonets, horses, men, murdered all day, and did not halt in their bloody communion, even when the night came on.

The third word:—He saw—but it would require the eloquence of some Fiend who delights to picture Murder, and laugh while he fills his horrible canvass with the records of infernal deeds,—yes, it calls for the eloquence of a fiend to delineate this scene. We cannot do it. We can only say that Michael saw some peaceful hills and valleys crowded as if by millions of men.—There was no counting the instruments of murder which were gathered there: cannon, bayonets, swords, horses, men, all mingled together, and all doing their destined work—Murder. To Michael it seemed as if these cannons, swords, bayonets, horses, men, murdered all day, and did not halt in their bloody communion, even when the night came on.

Yes, it seemed to Michael in this strange dream, that the Face was the cause of it all. For the Kings of the Earth, having (or claiming) a Divine Commission to Murder, each one on his own account, hated fervently this Face.—Hated fervently its broad forehead and earnest eyes. Hated it so much, that they assembled a World to cut it into pieces, and hack its memory from the hearts of men.

Michael in his dream saw this face grow black, and sink beneath an ocean of blood. It rose no more!

Yes, it rose again! When, The third word was spoken, it rose again.—Michael saw this face—with its awful majesty and unutterable beauty—chained to a rock, yet smiling all the while. Smiling, through all manner of unclean beast and birds were about it—here a vulture slowly picking those dark eyes—forehead, so sublime even in this sad hour.

And it seemed to Michael that amid all the scenes, which he had beheld in this his terrible dream, that the last—that glorious face, smiling even while it was chained to a rock tortured by jackals and vultures, was most terrible.

With a start, Michael awoke.

The first gleams of day were in the Eastern sky and over the waters. His strange fearful dream was yet upon his soul; those three words seemed ringing forever in his ears.

As he arose, something bright glittered on the deck at his feet. He stooped and gathered it in his grasp. It was his mother's bracelet. An antique thing; some links of gold and a medalion, set with fragments of glossy dark hair.

How came it there? upon the Pirate-Ship, out on the waves?

Michael pressed it to his lips, and stood absorbed in deep thought.

While thus occupied, the muttered conversation of two sailors, who stood near him, came indistinctly to his ears. Far be it from me to repeat the horrid blasphemies, the hideous obscenities of these men, whom long days and nights of crime, had embroiled into savage beasts. Let me at once tell you that a name which they uttered, coupled with many an oath and jest, struck like a knell on Michael's ear. Another word—he listens—turns and gazes on the cabin door.

Those words may well turn to ice the blood in his veins.

For as they blaspheme and jest, a laugh—wild, yet musical, comes echoing through the cabin door.

As Michael hears that laugh, he disappears in the darkness of the companion-way, holding the bracelet in his hand.

An hour passed—day was abroad upon the waters—but Michael appeared on deck no more.

In his stead, from the companion-way, there came a stout, muscular man, clad in the coarsest sailor attire, his face stained with ochre, a close-fitting skull-cap drawn over his forehead, even to the eye-brows. A rude Pirate, this, somewhat manly in the expansion of his chest, no doubt, but who, in the uncouth shape, before us, would recognize the Hero of the Legion, the bravest of the brave?

He was leaning over the side of the ship gazing into the deep waves, when the door of the Pirate Captain's cabin was opened, and the Captain appeared. You can see his muscular form, clad in a dress of green, laced with gold; plumes waving aside from his swarthy brow; his limbs, encased in boots of soft doe-skin. Altogether, an elegant murderer; an exquisite Pirate, from head to foot.

The rude sailor—or Michael, as you please to call him—leaning over the side of the ship, heard the Pirate Captain approach, heard the light footstep, which mingled its echoes with the sound of his heavy tread. Light footsteps! Yes, for a beautiful woman hung on the Pirate's arm, her form, clad in the garb of an Eastern Sultana, her dark flowing hair relieved by the gleam of pearls.

As she came along the deck, she looked up tenderly into his face, and her light laugh rang merrily on the air.

Michael turned, beheld her, and survived the

The Tribune takes the testimony of Mr. Calhoun as state evidence, to prove the Democratic party in the wrong. Well, upon the same testimony we might prove that the whigs are "knaves and villains," "traitors," "without principle," "disunionists." They have declared it to be their duty "to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." A whig, who turned state's evidence, and understood well the character and works of his accomplices, declared that "the system of the Federal-Whigs had filled the land with a set of men who are too lazy to follow any regular occupation, and whose dependence for a livelihood is on what they can extort from the pockets of the 'working men.'" And to prove that the whigs have no principle but that of opposition, we have the testimony of Daniel Webster. He once said in Faneuil Hall, that "they oppose all the measures of the administration, for the good of the country, but have proposed none." We can also prove—our enemies being judges—that the Democratic party is composed of men of principle, & that money cannot swerve them from it. Says a whig paper, "Politically speaking, we don't believe there is a Locofoco in the land who would give up his principles, even if by so doing, he could sow rusty rails and reap doubloons."

As to the insinuation that we are the slave of party, we turn that "vile slander" back to the Tribune where it belongs. He says, "if we mean that kind of slavery, he agrees with us," that is, he knows by experience that it is true—very likely.

The Tribune may rest assured that, whenever we have spoken of Democracy, and urged him to practice it, we have meant "real Democracy," and not that "bastard Democracy," of which Daniel Webster, the "Godlike," is the father; but he is so allied to the latter, that we despair of his ever being converted to the former.

CONDITION OF THE LABORING CLASSES.

This is a subject often talked about, and still but imperfectly understood. It is variously conceived of by the people; and we need not wonder that there should be a great variety of opinion in relation to these matters. Some seem to think that all is well enough—that those who labor are well provided for; and if they happen to utter a complaint, concerning the burdens they are compelled to bear, or concerning the oppressive policy of those who live at ease upon the fruits of the industry of others, or concerning monopolies, or concerning any thing else, they are deserving of severe and unqualified reprobation. Bless me! cries the speculator upon things not his own, are not our farmers and mechanics paid, and well paid, too, for all that they market? Do we not give them a fair price for their grain, their vegetables, their articles produced or manufactured? Do we not provide for the education of their children, for the maintenance of the poor, for the establishment and support of benevolent and philanthropic institutions? And do we not pay our taxes, and pay our debts, and pay for all we eat, drink, and wear? Do we not give the farmer and mechanic the honor of being engaged in the most honorable occupations? Why, then, do the laboring classes complain? Such, most wise, and patriotic, and philanthropic reader! such is the logic of those who are "rich and increased in goods"—we mean some of them—and such is the fallacy which they would have you receive as political orthodoxy. But let us, with due consideration, ask the simple question: By what means have the non-producers obtained the money with which to pay for the comforts and luxuries of life? Did they obtain their wealth by honest industry—by application to some useful business? If so, then are they evidently entitled to all they enjoy. But if, on the contrary, they have obtained their wealth by speculation upon the labor of others, or the products of that labor, or by any legalized fraud committed upon the rights, privileges, or earnings of others, either by low cunning, low management, or any other unfair means, then, we say, they are guilty of a flagrant wrong, and that wrong should be redressed by those in authority over us. Now we say, in all sincerity, that there is a class of community, who live upon the earnings of others, without rendering anything like a fair equivalent for what they receive—such are the hosts of idle coxcombs who have no other recommendation save their insignificance—such are thousands that we need not mention, the reader can call them to mind—and such are all and singular of those who dread no other dishonor so much, as that of being suspected of a desire to be useful.

Democrats.—"Party before the country—interest before humanity, is their motto, and most faithfully do they act up to it."—*Bath Tribune*.

Palaw, Mr. Tribune, you mean no such thing. Probably you were thinking of the whigs, and forgot to add, "and always the enemy before our country, is their motto;" and well do they reduce them to practice. By the way, will the Tribune remind his readers of the definition of "traitor"—"adhering to his enemies, giving them aid and comfort?" it may aid them in making up their minds relative to his character. And whilst, please agree Mr. Cass—do not treat him with too much "contempt," it would not be democratic—and we entreat of thee to let the President live, "till he gets out of that 'unholy war,' and washes his hands [from] being red with blood." Do this, and we will endeavor to excuse your "adherence to the enemy," on the ground that whig politics and Catholic religion is very much alike. And it may be that you will receive a Vicarship, if faithful to their interest, and "the darkness of Catholicism should not be dispelled, and she brought into the light and liberty [not the intolerance] of Protestantism?"

But "what shocks all common sense," the Bath Tribune declares that the whigs are "the real Democratic party—the party of humanity." Very humane to starve our army, rather than vote it supplies; and to prolong the time of making the appropriations, required by Government to prosecute the war, when they acknowledged that by delay the enemy might obtain the advantage of us, and that if the war is not terminated before the sickly season commenced, thousands of our men may fall victims to disease. Very humane to threaten to starve out "liberty voters." Yes, and they are even willing that "the rich should take care of the poor," and sit in the world they ask

—liberal souls—is, that "Government take care of the rich." Plenty of humanity! Where's Graves, the murderer?

SENATOR CORWIN.

Mr. Corwin says, in his traitorous speech as some of the whig papers virtually call it, as he was about to vote against the army and appropriation bills: "I could have cried as did the man of Uz in his affliction in the olden time. 'What time my friends were warm they vanished, when it is hot, they are consumed out of their places.'"

Thus he wickedly compares himself to Job, "who feared God and eschewed evil." No wonder he felt "afflicted," when he was about to take sides with the enemy, against his own country, and had he not been destitute of all sense of feeling, he might have said with Job,—"at this also my heart trembled." But, how much was he like Job? He had two friends, Job had three. He embraced his as his only comfort, and adopted their opinions and advice. Job rejected the opinions of his as "lies,"—"miserable comforters are ye all!" Corwin's friends might have applied to him very justly the language of Eliphaz, very improperly addressed to Job: "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk? or with speeches wherewith he can do no good? Thy mouth uttereth thy iniquity, and thou chooseth the tongue of the crafty. Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I; yea, thine own lips testify against thee." Had the noble Senator consulted Job a little more carefully, he might have "cried" with him, "behold I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Once more have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no farther;" and thus saved himself from the disgrace of his last speech, and the people from saying in their hearts, "he uttereth words without knowledge,"—"shall vain words have an end?" No—only as the mountain in travail brought forth a mouse.

WINE HUMILITY.—"But it is my very humility which makes me bold."—*Corwin's Speech*.

Buckfield Branch Rail Road.

At a Convention of the citizens of Buckfield, held at Buckfield, on the 31st day of March, 1847, to take into consideration the project of a Branch Rail Road from the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road at Mechanic Falls in Minot, through West Minot and East Hebron to Buckfield Village, Doct. WILLIAM BRIDGEMAN was chosen President, and AARON PARSONS, Secretary.

Voted to choose a committee of five to report Resolutions on the subject before the Convention.

S. F. Brown of Buckfield, Zury Robinson of Sumner, Cyrus Ricker of Hartford, George Cobb of Minot, and Benjamin F. Parsons of West Minot, were chosen said Committee.

While this committee were engaged in preparing the Resolutions, V. D. Harris, Esq. of Portland, introduced and read the Convention a letter from A. R. Felt, Esq. of Portland, one of the Directors of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road, on the subject under consideration, in which he expresses his opinion highly favorable to the enterprise, and gives very enlightened views of principles and facts pertaining to it; all highly gratifying to the audience.

The following Resolutions were reported by the Committee, and after discussion by the Convention, adopted unanimously.

Resolved, That Rail Roads are fast becoming and in future will be the most important, useful and economical means of transportation of persons and property, where water communication is not enjoyed; and even in many instances will supplant that. By their great facility of intercommunication, nations are brought into neighborhood; foreigners become social friends—distant societies intermingle their social enjoyments and interchange their moral, mental, and spiritual improvements. Ignorance is dispelled, knowledge is increased, and a helping hand is presented to all the noble enterprises of the statesman, the patriot and the philanthropist. That the acquisition of wealth, in every form, is vastly facilitated, and the means of happiness greatly increased.

Resolved, That the inhabitants of Oxford County, from their insular situation, have hitherto suffered greatly from the want of an adequate and convenient market; that now, through the facilities offered by the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road, they may expect to find an ample relief; and therefore they are called upon with emphatic voice, to contribute in aid of its completion.

Resolved, That a Branch Rail Road, branching off from the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road at Mechanic Falls in Minot, and passing through West Minot Village and East Hebron to Buckfield Village, would greatly subserve the interests of a large population—not those immediately on its line, but others more remote, comprising the inhabitants of Sumner, Hartford, Canton, Peru, Dixfield and Carthage, and part of those of Turner, Livermore and Jay.

Resolved, That the facilities for constructing a Branch Rail Road, as named in the third Resolution, are remarkably favorable; the route being nearly level and the land easily graded; and that within the limits of persons who would be benefited by the road, are ample means for meeting the expenses of its construction; and therefore

Resolved, That we proceed forthwith to the initiatory measures for the construction of DOCKWORTH BRANCH RAIL ROAD.

Voted, To proceed forthwith to take a memorandum of the sum which each member of this Convention now present will pledge himself to take of the Stock of the contemplated Road.

Having gone through with the subscription as above, the result was found to be \$22,100 from the citizens of Buckfield, and \$2,800 from gentlemen from other towns. The weather being stormy the attendance from other towns than Buckfield was very limited.

Voted, To choose Committees in each town interested to solicit subscriptions to the Stock of the Road.

Chose Nath. Prince, Adam Thompson, and Sydenham Bridgman, for Buckfield.

George Cobb, Thomas Bridgman, and Joseph Hutchinson Jr., for Hebron.

Sampson Reed, Edmund Irish Jr., and Richard Hutchinson, for Hartford.

Benjamin F. Parsons, for Minot.

Otis Hayford and William Thompson, for Canton.

Jesse Chase, for Peru.

Jeremiah Howe and Zury Robinson, for Sumner.

Charles T. Chase and Sam'l Morrill, for Dixfield.

Voted, To petition the Legislature at their next Ses-

son for an Act of Incorporation under the name of Buckfield Branch Rail Road.

Chose V. D. Harris, Esq. as an Agent to present this petition and represent the petitioners before the Legislature.

Voted, That Mr. Harris be requested to present the thanks of this Convention to Mr. Poor for his very excellent letter, so full of information and advice necessary to the accomplishment of our great object; and to the Directors of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road for their generous offer of assistance.

Voted, To adjourn this meeting to be held at this place on Saturday, the first day of May next at ten o'clock A. M.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Oxford Democrat, Eastern Argus, and Portland Advertiser.

WILLIAM BRIDGEMAN, President.
AARON PARSONS, Secretary.

ATLANTIC & ST. LAWRENCE RAIL ROAD. We learn that the Directors of this Road have ordered the location to be continued from Mechanic Falls, in Minot, to the South Village in this town. Also that they have ordered the section between Auburn and Mechanic Falls, to be put under contract for grading forthwith.

Our Portland friends anticipate that the "iron horse" will come snorting into their beautiful city from the northwest, as early as November next, and we have little doubt their anticipations will be realized. Success to them.

A session of the Probate Court will be held at the Probate Office on Tuesday next, 13th inst.

News by the Magnetic Telegraph from New York to Boston papers, dated April 1, 8 o'clock P. M., states that on the 24th there was no general engagement, both armies being occupied in carrying off the wounded and burying the dead. After the 24th there was no more fighting. The Mexican troops, famishing, and convinced that they could not drive Gen. Taylor from his position, retired.

It was reported that Gen. Urrea had retreated towards the Yula Pass, when Col. Curtis marched against him, and it was also said that Santa Anna was falling back upon San Luis Potosi. Dr. Turner thinks that he retreated to Parais. The N. Y. Evening Mirror has a letter from New Orleans, which says—We have news of the defeat of Urrea by Col. Curtis.

Gen. Taylor was said to have been at Buena Vista on the 6th ult.

The New Orleans Delta has a letter from Monterey, which states that Capt. Cassius M. Clay and his men have all been exchanged.

Good—hit him again! An Englishman in Halifax wrote to his Boston correspondent, "How does your locofoco war get along?" The Bostonian sent him a "History of the Battle of Bunker Hill" as a reply.

Whig Catechism.—"John, my boy, what was the spirit exhibited by the whigs in 1840? Speak up and tell the gentleman, like a little man." "Hard thider and Brandy thider, sir," replied the lying scion of federal stocks.

The State of Connaught, of which the chief town is Sligo, is only 100 miles in length, and 20 in breadth. They own 20,000 persons, or slaves.

A son of S. H. Stevens, of Oxford, aged 7 years, was suffocated and died upon entering a potato hole in which a kettle of coals had been placed. A brother two years older barely escaped.

From four things God preserve us; a painted woman, a conceited valet, salt beef without mustard, and a little late dinner.

ELOPEMENT IN ST. LOUIS. An interesting case of elopement occurred in St. Louis a few days ago, which was followed up by an assault and battery on the injured husband. The St. Louis Reveille says that while the husband was absent from the city, his wife, taking all her effects, left the premises provided by her husband, and took up quarters with her paramour somewhere in the neighborhood of the Mound. On his return, hearing of the new arrangement, the husband paid the parties a visit, caught his rival luxuriously lounging on a sofa, enjoying a cigar! & gave him a severe thrashing; then, giving his false spouse also a cowhiding, he declared himself perfectly satisfied, and informed Mrs. P. that, hereafter, she was at perfect liberty to love the other. [Dea.]

The Bangoreans are wide awake upon the subject of elopement to the county of Somerset. We think the best route for their interest would be to keep as far into the interior as possible, and thence on to the county of Franklin.—By this course, they would command a much larger share of the country trade than they would to connect direct with the Waterville road. [Skowhegan Clarion.]

A New Traffic. The English have just discovered an article of importation, viz: that of human teeth. The savages of Australia have magnificent teeth which they consent to extract for a handkerchief, knife, or some article of the like value. A merchant has conceived the idea of speculating in the same, and has sent to England several cases of teeth, which he has very advantageously disposed of to the London dentists.

NEVER GIVE UP, so long as it is in your power to avail yourself of that justly celebrated remedy for Coughs, Colds, and every species of Lung Complaint, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Mr. S. W. Fowler, if you think the following certificate is worth publishing, it is at your service:

I hereby certify that I was afflicted with a very troublesome Cough for about one year. I tried a great many different remedies recommended to me, but all to no purpose; finding that I was not getting any better, I was induced to try

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry; and accordingly procured a bottle of Edward Mason, Druggist and Apothecary in Portland. After using it according to directions, I can truly say, it CURED ME ENTIRELY. I am now well and able to attend to my work, and would sincerely recommend it to any one afflicted with any disease of the Lungs.

DAVID ALLEN.

Witness—GEORGE ALLEN.
Fownal, Cumberland Co. Me., Oct. 14, 1845.
None genuine unless signed L. BUTTS.

DIED.

In this Village yesterday, very suddenly, a child of Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin, aged about 3 years.

In Winthrop, Mr. Lewis L. Cummings, Engineer on the Lewiston and Waterville Rail Road.

In Kennebec Port, 14th ult., Mr. Edward Nason a

soldier of the Revolution, aged 91 years. He was one of Arnold's party in the trying expedition to Canada through the wilderness of Maine, in the fall of 1776. He was also connected with the army under Gates at the time of Burgoyne's capture.

In Parsonsfield, Mr. Daniel Eastman, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 91.

OXFORD, ss. SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, October Term, A. D. 1846.

To the Hon. Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court now sitting at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford.

RESPECTFULLY represents, TIMOTHY WALKER, of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, that he is seized in fee simple of certain real estate, situated in the County of Oxford, as tenant in common with sundry co-tenants unknown to your petitioner, to wit, Andrew North Surplus containing by estimation fifteen thousand nine hundred and sixty acres, exclusive of lands reserved, of which said Andrew North Surplus is seized in severity of six hundred acres in fee simple, and is also seized of three undivided fourth parts of the remainder of the land in said Andrew North Surplus as tenant in common, as aforesaid.

Being so seized and being desirous of possessing and holding the same in fee simple, your petitioner prays this Hon. Court that partition of said Andrew North Surplus be made and that his proportion of the same so held in common may be set out to him in severity, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

TIMOTHY WALKER.
By LYMAN LAWSON, his Attorney.

Oxford, ss.—Supreme Judicial Court, October Term, A. D. 1846.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioner cause an attested copy of said Petition and this Order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court, to be held at Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, MATTHEW TORIN, of Byron, in the County of Oxford, by his Mortgage deed dated the August twentieth, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, conveyed to ANASIA RICHARDS a lot of land in the town of Byron, being lot numbered two in the ninth Range of lots in said Byron; and whereas the said Richards, assigned said mortgage and notes to the subscriber, on the fifth day of October, eighteen hundred and forty-four, and the conditions of said Mortgage being broken, the subscriber claims to foreclose the same, according to the Statute made and provided.

TIMOTHY WALKER, at43
Rumford, March 29, 1847.

FERDINAND A. WARREN,
Saddle & Harness Maker,
Buckfield Village.

KEEPS constantly on hand and for sale, Harnesses, Saddles, Trunks, and Valises, which will be sold cheap for Cash or country Produce.

Repairing promptly done in a faithful manner.
March 31st, 1847. "Gw44

5 Chests Souchang,
5 " Ningyong,
A SUPERIOR ARTICLE, just received from New York, and for sale by

BROWN & CO.
Steep Falls, Norway, Feb. 6, 1847. 40

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty seven.

ON the Petition of MARANDA FULLER, Widow of Amos Fuller, late of said Paris, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of her late husband,

It was Ordered, That the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

47 Copy—Attest GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

To the Honorable Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford.

JANE R. SEVER & ELIZABETH P. SEVER, of Kingston, in the County of Plymouth, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Executors of the last will and testament of James Sever, late of the said Plymouth, respectfully represent that the same James Sever late of the said Kingston, has deceased, test proved and allowed in the Court of Probate, held at Plymouth, and for the County of Plymouth, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the twenty-fourth day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six, by adjournment from the first Monday of said month, that your petitioners were appointed Executors to the said will, and letters testamentary were granted to them by said Court; a copy of which will and of the probate thereof, under the seal of said Court, is here in court produced—and your petitioners further represent that the said James Sever died possessed of lands and real estate, situated in Turner, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, on which said will operates, and which ought to be administered thereto—Wherefore they pray that the copy of said will and probate may be filed and recorded in the Probate Office in said County of Oxford, and such proceedings had thereupon, as to law and justice shall appear.

By STEPHEN EMERY, their Attorney.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of March, A. D. 1847.

UPON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice by causing a copy of said petition and this Order of Court thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the Fourth Tuesday of May next, that they may then and there appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, within and for said County, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

JOE PRINCE, Junior.
GEO. K. SHAW, Register.
GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

THE subscribers hereby give public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken oaths of office as Executors of the last Will and Testament of

ISAAC HOWE, late of Greenwood, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—They do therefore request all persons who are indebted to this said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

IRA M. HOWE,
CHRISTOPHER DRYANT.

Greenwood, March 2, 1847.

State of Maine.

OXFORD, ss: To the Sheriff, of our Counties of Oxford, York, Lincoln, Cumberland, Kennebec, Somerset, Penobscot, Hancock, Washington, Waldo, Franklin, Piscataquis and Aroostook, or either of their Deputies; and to the Constables of any of the towns in said Counties:

WE COMMAND You to attach the goods and chattels, or estate of ABNER DOWNING, of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, Gentleman, to the value of one hundred and fifty dollars; and summon the said defendant, (if he may be found in your precinct), to appear before our Justice of our Western District Court, next to be held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1846, then and there, in our Court, to answer unto BENJAMIN PRATT, Jr., of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, in a plea of the case, for that the said Abner Downing at Oxford, to wit, at Paris on the twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, by his note of hand of that date by him signed, for value received, promised Benjamin Pratt, Jr., the plaintiff, to pay him, or his order, seventy-five dollars in April then next (with interest, which time has long since past, yet the defendant, through often requested, has not paid said sum to the plaintiff, but neglects and refuses so to do; to the damage of the said plaintiff (as he says) the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which said then and there he made to appear with due damages. And have you there this writ with your doings therein.

Witness, DANIEL GOODNOW, Esq., at Paris, the eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

OXFORD, ss: WESTERN DISTRICT COURT, November Term, 1846.

Benajah Pratt, Jr., Plff. v. Abner Downing, Def.

IN the foregoing action it is Ordered, that the Plaintiff cause an attested copy of the Writ and of this Order of Court thereon, to be published in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, three weeks successively, by the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court to be held at Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June next, that the said Defendant may then and there appear, if he see cause, and answer to the same.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.
A true copy of the Writ and Order of Court thereon.
Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, on the sixth day of April, A. D. 1841, GEORGE W. RIPLEY, of Paris in the County of Oxford, conveyed to MOSES HAMMOND, of said Paris, by his deed of mortgage of that date, a certain piece of land situated in said Paris,—"being the same premises that are described in a deed given by Jacob Jackson to the said Moses Hammond, dated the twenty-ninth day of January, A. D. 1839, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 56, page 203;" which mortgage deed is recorded in said Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 64, page 318. And whereas the said Moses Hammond on the twenty-third day of July, A. D. 1845, transferred by his deed of assignment duly executed, the aforesaid mortgaged premises to me, the undersigned, this is to notify all whom it may concern, that I claim to foreclose said mortgage premises for condition broken, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

ORISON RIPLEY.
Paris, March 17, 1847. 46

Notice.

THE Directors of the MAINE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY have made their semi-annual assessment to meet the losses sustained by the Company, since January 24, 1846, and all incidental expenses, and have committed the bills to me for collection.

The members of said Company are hereby severally requested to pay, each his proportion of said assessment to me at the Office of the Company in Gorham, or to some person authorized by me, in their vicinity, within thirty days from the 20th day of April next.

J. WATERMAN, Collector.
Gorham, March 18, 1847. 40

SPECTACLES!

A Good assortment of Spectacles for persons of all ages may be found at the Store of the subscriber.

Paris Hill, March 22, 1847. B. WALTON. 183

SPRING GOODS.

THE subscribers are making important additions to their Stock of Goods, and flatter themselves that they now have a most complete assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Embracing Broad Cloths of every variety of shade, color and price—a heavy and substantial article for \$2.00 per yard, and fine German from \$3.50 to \$5.00.

Fine Tweeds from 42 to 75 cents.
Fine Silks and Cassimeres from 60 cents to \$2.00.
Satinfes, at any price—

And the CASHMERE, DE LAINES, ALPACCAS, SUEETINGS, CAMBRICS, LINES AND

PRINTS.

Can't be beat.

They have also opened a WARE ROOM for the sale of FURNITURE,

PAPER HANGINGS, CARPETS, RUGS, &c. and would invite the public to call and examine their Goods in that line.

They have also a heavy Stock of West India Goods & Groceries, IRON and STEEL, and CROCKERY and SHELF HARD WARE,

—ALSO—NOVA SCOTIA GRIND STONES, At three quarters of a cent per lb.

SALT, At 44 cents per bushel, and other things in proportion.

BROWN & CO.
Steep Falls, March 9, 1847. 44

NOTICE.

Sealed Proposals.

WILL be received at the Office of the Clerk of the County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at any time previous to the next May Term, for furnishing the materials and erecting a building as particularly described in a Report on file in said Clerk's Office. Persons desirous of contracting for the whole, or any part, are referred to said Report for a description of the building, and the quantity and quality of the material required.

By order of Co. Com'rs of Oxford County.
Paris, March 10, 1847. CW45
Norway Advertiser please copy.

TOWN ORDERS.

BLANKS for Town Orders for sale at this Office—Also—Quitclaim, Warranty, and Mortgage Deeds.—Also—Justice Executions. Also Justice Writs—Citations to Creditor. All orders, accompanied by the cash, promptly attended to.

Feb. 23, 1847.

